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GLEANINGS
AND
WEAVINGS

BY
ISABELLA GILLET

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1922.

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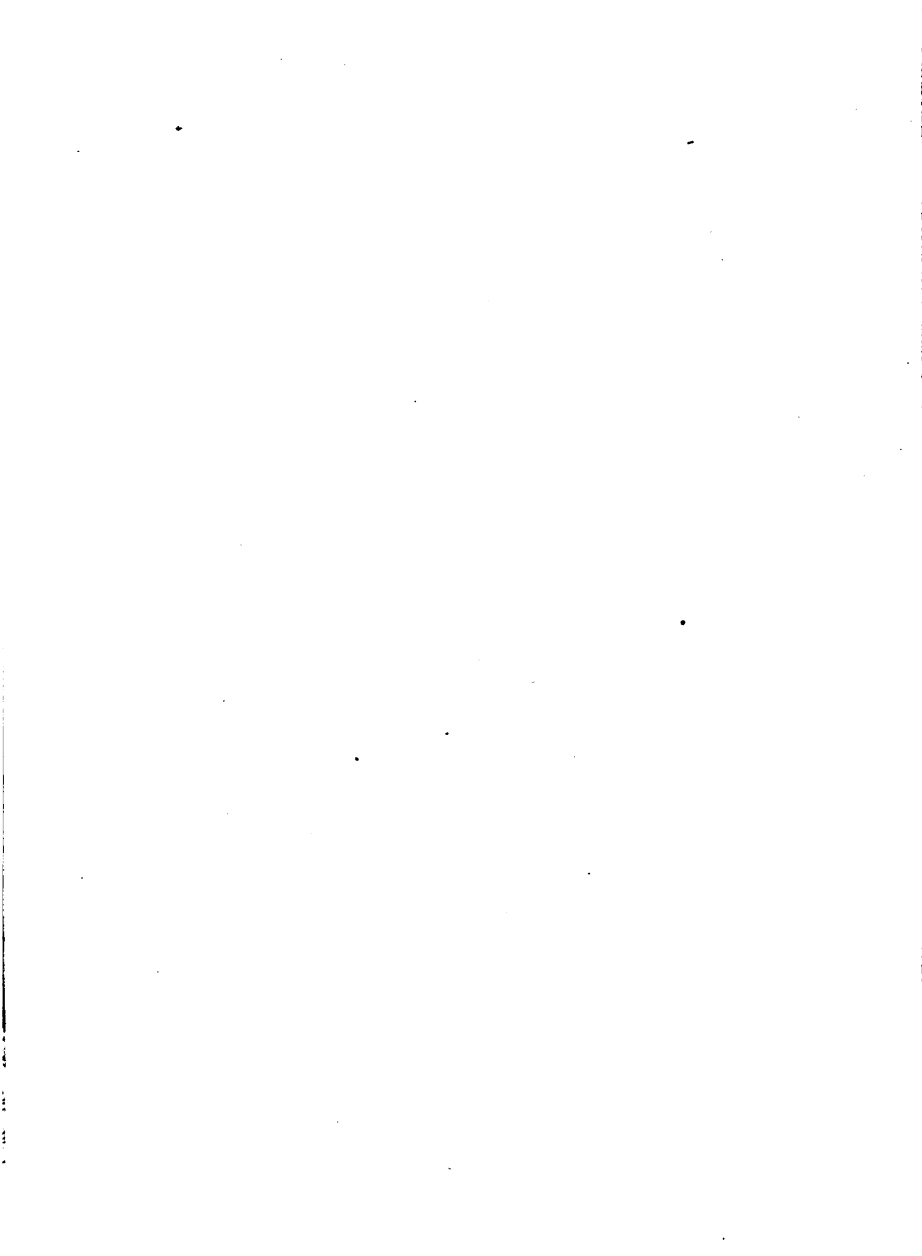
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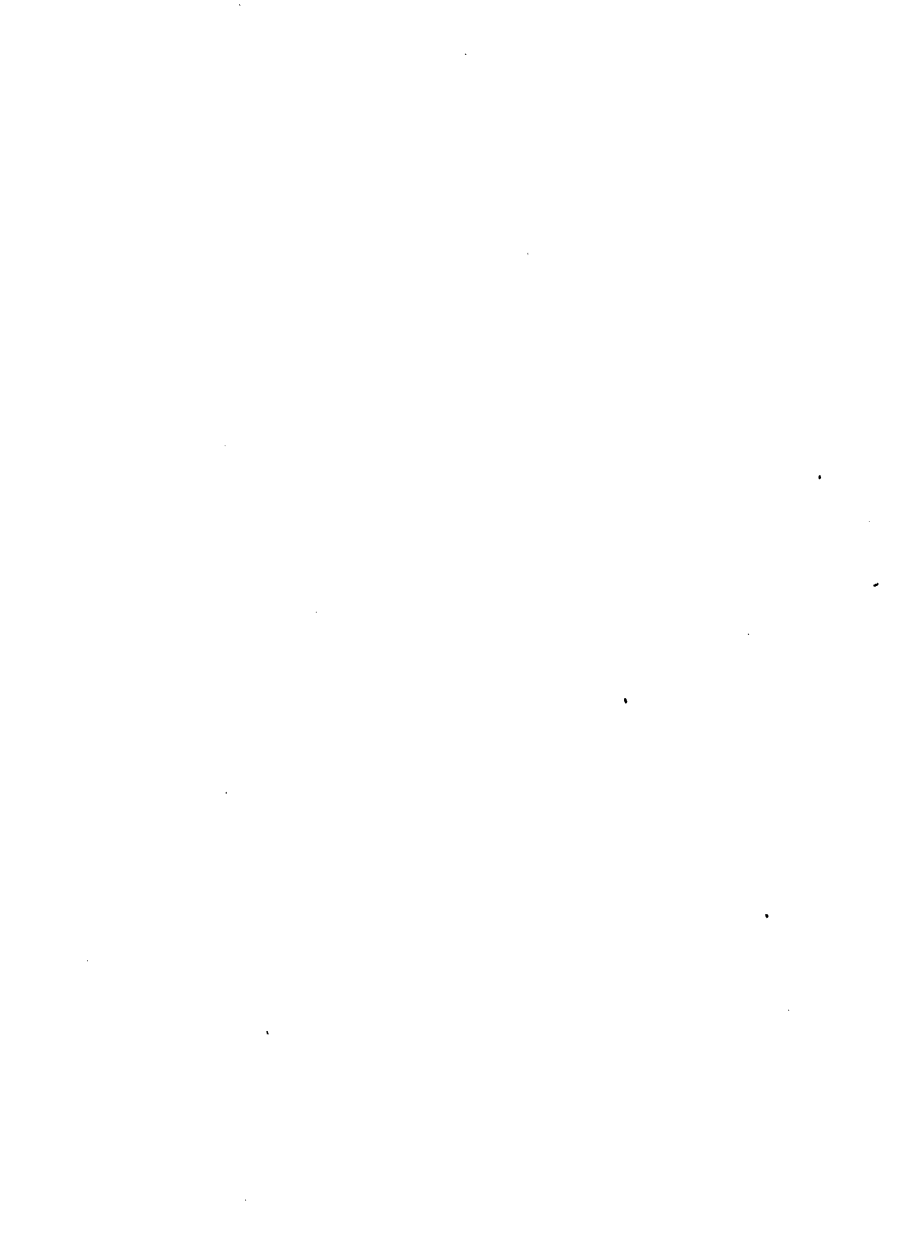
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GLEANINGS AND WEAVINGS

BY
ISABELLA GILLET

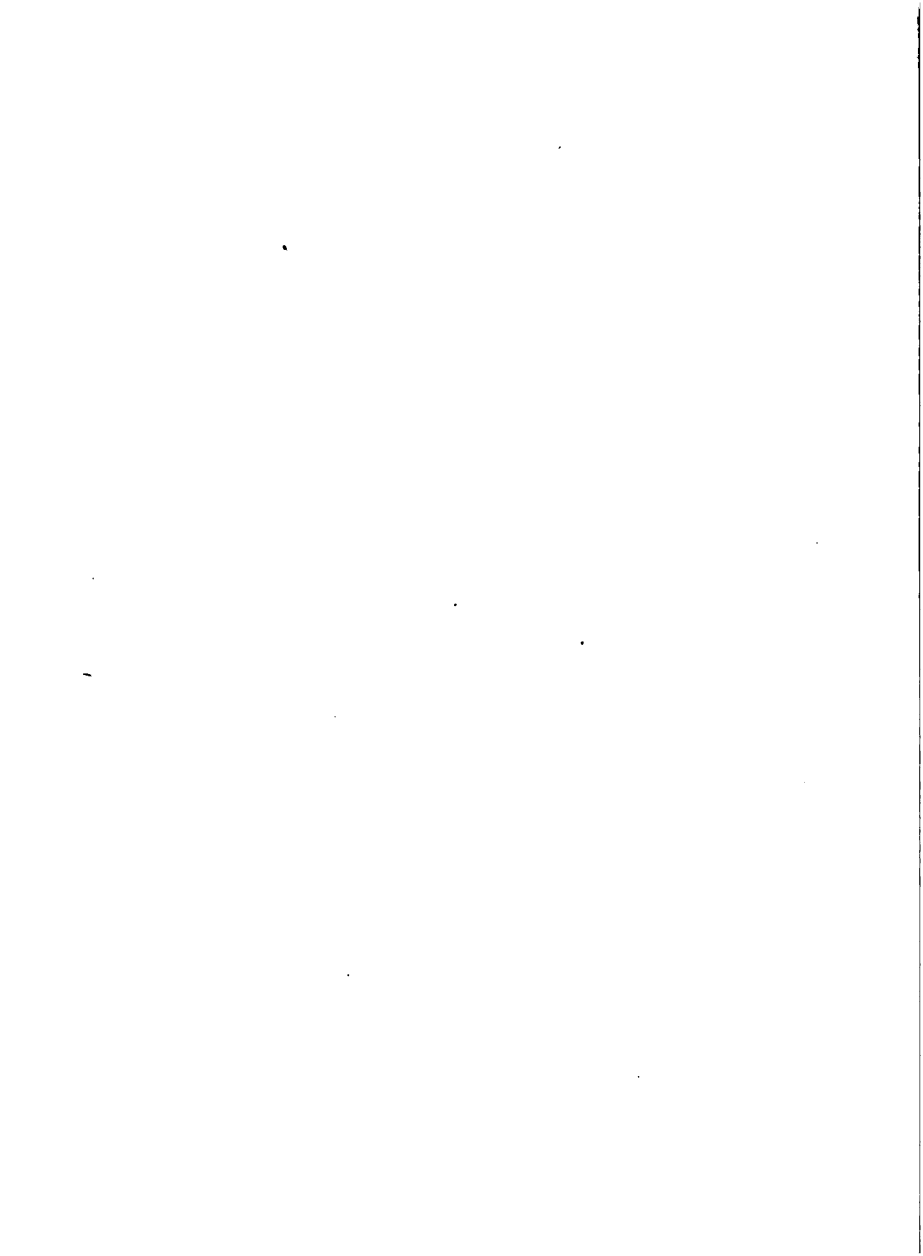


SAN FRANCISCO
MARVIN CLOYD
1922

TO THE
ASSOCIATION

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PUBLISHED JANUARY, 1922
SAN FRANCISCO

469775



DEDICATED TO:—

*Voices that speak and the heart still sway
Though years may have passed since the bygone day
When Friendship's sweet bond and Love's sweet truth
First answered my heart in childhood and youth.*

THE AUTHOR.

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SEALED MELODIES

DEEP—deep—within my slumber
There breathes, within my dreams,
Melody entrancing—
So sweet—to me—it seems.
In my heart its music
There first the notes I hear,
Then through my thought soft weaving
It breathes upon my ear.
Ah—the haunting sweetness—
I linger o'er each note,
Caressing in its cadence,
That in my dream I wrote!
Awakening from my slumber
My fingers seek the strain,—
But fugitive—elusive—
They seek in vain—in vain.

Deep—deep—within my slumber,
Within my dream breathe words
That to me—in my dreaming—

TO THE
MUSE

Transcend the song of birds.
Ah—the depth—the meaning—
Revealed in verse—its rhyme,
Ah—the beauty seeming
Pregnant in each line!
My pulsing heart-beats quicken—
My heart so richly fraught,
My inmost being thrilling
To the lading of my thought.
Awakening from my slumber
Vain—vain—I seek each word—
Deep sealed within my dreaming,—
Its voice—its song—unheard.

THE STAR OF PEACE

HERE in the sky its glistening light
Bright and brighter glowed—
The Star that through the darkness of night
The way to the Savior showed.

The shepherds—it met their startled gaze
And as its effulgence they saw
It filled their thoughts with wond'ring amaze,
Their hearts it filled with awe.
The shepherds—they followed the Star to where
Unswervingly it led—
To where a Mother and a Babe so fair
Lay in a lowly bed,—
Sweet Mary and the Christ whose Birth
In that Manger in Bethlehem
Brought the message to all the earth:—
“Peace on earth, Good-will to men.”

“Peace on earth, Good-will to men”—
The Savior's heart there lies,—

Those words—He lived and died for them;
Who now that Cause denies?

The heart of the world now bleeding,
By combat, by conflict torn,—
It cries for Christ's interceding—
That His Spirit again be born.
The earth—how long must it suffer
Ere its strife be done
And nation to nation offer
The hand in fellowship won,—
The wounds of the world—its blood—
Stanch'd by the spirit of love,—
Nation with nation in brotherhood
Blessed by His Spirit above?

“Peace on earth, Good-will to men”—
That Cause may we maintain—
Nor let the Savior's Blood have been—
His Cross have been—in vain.

ENTHRALLMENT

MOONLIGHT softly gleaming
Silvering night and sea ;
Stars—the sky bright beaming—
A glistening canopy ;
Wavelets, gently lulling,
Lap and lave my boat,—
Thought and spirit dulling
To this world—its note ;
Melody sweet breathing
On the listening air—
A guitar so lightly weaving
Through a love-song's prayer ;—
My boat soft rising—falling,—
Music's subtle spell,—
The moon, the stars, enthralling,
Allure—entice—compel ;—
This world I lose—its meaning,—
Thought and spirit float
In fairyland—its seeming—
As idly rocks my boat.

CALIFORNIA

BY the waves of the blue Pacific,
O'erlooking the waters wide,
She lies in her beauty magnetic,
Fair—by the ocean's side.
The ocean comes to her door,
It enters the Golden Gate,
It laps and leaps on her shore,
California—our Golden State!
From his throne, the sun, looking down,
Lends to her beauty and grace
The gold of his mantle and crown—
Touches with glory her face.
And the blue of the sky above
Seems to loiter—to linger there—
As loath to leave labors of love
It smiles on our state so fair ;—
Smiles upon hill and dale,
On bay, on lake, on stream ;
Smiles upon mountain and vale
In their chequered beauty seen ;

Upon the forests' grandeur,
On stalwart redwood trees
That rise aloft and tower
Undaunted by storm and breeze;
Upon the marvel, solemnity,
Of dome, of waterfall,—
The wonders of Yosemite
That to the wide world call;
Smiles upon the verdure
With which the fullness of earth
Gives in harvests' measure
To California's golden birth;
Gives from vine and vineyard,
Pasture green and field
Where Nature proves ne'er laggard
Nor niggard with earth's yield;
Orange grove, and olive,
Green and golden grain,
Orchards—fruit and blossom—give
Claim to golden fame.
Rising up to their height,
Embracing her in their length,
Mountains guard in their might

Our state with their rugged strength;
And they render to her their wealth
In treasure from richness of veins,
In dower of vigor and health,
In tribute of moisture and rains.

California! The charms are golden
Where opens the Golden Gate—
But ever must be beholden
To speak our Golden State.
Nature's voice,—glen and glade—
Rippling rill and brook—
Forest fern—leaf and shade,—
Speaks no written book.
Sylvan bowers—golden hours—
Note and song of birds—
Fairest gardens—sweetest flowers—
Speak ne'er written words.

YESTERDAY

THE day—it fled on the wings of the morrow
But the breath still lives of its passing hours,—
Lives in the buds—lives in the blossoms—
Lives in the fragrance of the sweetest flowers.

Yesterday! It could not linger
But it speaks again in the song of the birds,—
Their sweetest lay brings again
The echo of soft whispered words.

The rays of the sun more golden seem—
The moon—the stars—more brightly gleam
When in the garden of memory
O'er those hours with you I linger and dream.

YOUTH

STANDING at the cross-roads
Where days of childhood end
Not long we loiter, linger,
Backward gaze to send.
But brief the vision pauses
On days so brief to last,
Thought—it dwells but lightly
On the milestone to be past.
We seek the widening vista—
Adventure—hopes—and dreams—
The future with its visions
A-light with glowing gleams.
Youth, impatient, eager,
Hastens—the milestone won—
Hastens to follow the fireflies
That gleaming lure it on.

ONE FLAG

WE are here in God's own country,
We are here with millions strong,—
Then in our strength so mighty
Let our strength be strong;
Let our hearts united
Be ever welded firm,
Nor let our steps, benighted,
To false gods ever turn;
But one united people
With strength to do and dare,
To our country faithful,
Our loyalty declare.

Let one flag wave o'er us,
The red, white and blue—
With stars to ever guide us,
Loyal hearts and true;—
One flag to which our nation
Shall allegiance pay,—
Nor let diverse occasion

Win our faith away.
One Flag! Should foe conspire
Let not our footsteps lag,
But hearts and homes inspire
To rally 'round our flag!

We are here in God's own country,
We are here with millions strong,—
Then in our strength so mighty
Let our strength be strong.
With faith in God and Country
One banner let us bear,—
With unity—with loyalty—
Our record will be fair.

The Stars and Stripes wave o'er us,
The red, white and blue,
Its stars to ever guide us—
Hearts to Country true!
The Stars and Stripes forever!
Destiny awaits—
Awaits with fairest dower
Our fair UNITED STATES!

CONTENT

O grow along the wayside
One flower blooming there
That brief though be its hour
Breathes sweetly on the air ;
To touch the slumbering strings
And in the notes to hear
One strain that softly soothing
Should reach some wearied ear ;
To paint within a canvas
Picturing the night
One ray with brush that humble
Yet speaks the sunrise bright ;—
When the day were waning,
The sun—its rays—near-spent,—
In the glow of the sunset,
The heart would feel content.

AFTERMATH

SOFTLY, softly, speak not so fast—
For hasty words too long may last,
And the word you speak so swift today
Long may linger, long may stay.
To hasty words we give little thought
To the weight with which they may be fraught,—
Nor heed their aftermath of sorrow
That may freight each day and freight each morrow;
For though light spoken, words have not wings—
But import that remains, that clings,
And Memory with her pen and file
Is writing, is writing all the while,
For Memory—though it be with tears—
Must keep the record of the years.

Many a day that dawns so bright—
Ere the dawn brings on the night,
Memory weeps o'er the hasty word
That by the ear of Friendship heard—
Friendship's seed, though tenderly sown,

The bud—the flower—in the dust are thrown;—
And Memory—though she weep o'er the word—
Who can recall the word, once heard?
And though we weep o'er words hasty spoken—
Who can restore the Friendship broken?

Many a day that dawns so bright—
Ere the dawn brings on the night,
Love lies heavy in the throes of death—
Slain by the word whose fatal breath,
Barbed with keen and bitter dart,
Pierces again and again the heart.
Memory—though she weep o'er the word—
Who can recall the word—once heard?
And we—though we weep o'er Love's death-bed—
Who can restore to life the dead?

Softly, softly, speak not so fast,
For hasty words too long may last;—
Friendship—its dirge too often is sung—
Too often Love's grave is dug—by the tongue.

A VOICE FROM THE HEART

GO, fond thought, and to her speak
The love that lies within my heart—
The love that lips and tongue are weak
Its weight and import to impart!

Go, fond thought, and speak the hope
That lies within my inmost soul
And lures me ever on to grope
Toward one fondly cherished goal!

Speak to her of nights and days
Passed in darkness, deep, profound,
Unless broken by the rays
Of light that in her eyes are found.

Speak to her of golden dreams
That wrap the hours, waking, sleeping,
When touched by the glowing gleams
Of the love that I am seeking.

Go, fond thought, and to her speak
The love that fills my heart so bold—
The love that lips and tongue are weak
Its world of longing to unfold !

THE NARROWER WAY

GOD, give us Faith—to carry on,—
Faith—to hold to the end,—
Through the doubts that now do frown—
Doubts that our Faith now rend.
God, lead us back to the narrower way
That our fathers knew,—
Nor let our footsteps longer stray
From the path that leads to You.
Too great the distance we have made
From our fathers' thought,—
Too great the distance we have strayed
In new pathways sought,—
Newer pathways lined with fears,
Strewn with shattering hopes,—
Pathways where through doubt and tears
Our wavering Faith now gropes;
Pathways where our hectic joy
Ever more does tend
Our life, our being, to destroy

As we those pathways wend.
Ever does the road we go
Have its mete and bound;—
Let our Faith sink not so low
That it rest within the ground.
From the worldly passion—pleasure—
That now our senses lure,
Lead us back to the fuller measure
Of life and joy more pure.
Give us Faith—to hold to the treasure
Where leads the narrower path—
That, with Faith, we escape the measure,
God, of coming wrath!

THE LADING

AT dawn—in the sun's early hours—
When earth was still moist with dew,
I sought and I gathered these flowers
Where in their beauty they grew.

With dewdrops their petals are laden—
They lie in the heart of each flower—
Ah—if the dewdrops knew
The thought in my heart each hour!

The flowers—I would that they could speak
When they from me depart;
I would they could tell the longing
That speaks within my heart.

Their fragrance—I would that it could breathe
The sweetness of the dream
That led me on my pathway
This morn at dawn's early gleam.

Ah—if the flowers could speak—
Could breathe a subtle spell
That would incline the heart
To list to the tale they tell!

The dewdrops—were each a gem,
Each gem—its beauty—were thine
In jewelled crown—in diadem—
Offered at love's shrine!

INGRATITUDE

HERE came a little stranger
And stood outside my gate,—
So little and so lonesome,
So patient did he wait,
That seeming quite pathetic
In his sorry plight,
I took him in and warmed him
By my hearthside bright.
I gave to him the best
My heart it could afford,—
Most generous I thought I shared
With him my store—its hoard;
But ah, the little rascal!
How could he treat me so?
Ne'er I thought ingratitude
Could ever sink so low!
Unthinking and unseeing—
One day I felt a smart
And found an arrow planted—

Imbedded in my heart.
That little beggar, Cupid,
Had shared my fare with me
And then, his arrow piercing,
He but mocked me in his glee.

THE FLIGHT

HOPE with its brilliant plumage
Spreads its wings on the air ;—
Fluttering—it rises,—poising—it soars,—
And leaves our fostering care.
One moment its brilliant plumage
We see it gleaming bright,—
And then the distance claiming—
It fades upon our sight.
Ah—the wayward wanderer—
What perils may it greet,—
The night, the darkness falling,
How will it the shadows meet?
What arrow wanton speeding
Through the air may speak ;—
What eagle's talons hovering
Ruthless its life may seek?
Could our prayers but guard it
On its wingéd flight !
Could our hearts but guide it
There beyond our sight !

But circumscribed—our hearts
Must linger, tempest-tost,—
Our vision too proscribed
May not pursue its course.
Circumscribed—our hearts
Can but tend the gate
Until the wayward pinions—
By the guiding finger of Fate—
Seek the cage where—luring—
Wide we hold the door
That Hope—we pray—returning—
May enter and leave no more.

LULLABY

BYE-LOW—baby dear—
Twinkling stars are peeping
To see my baby here
Softly, sweetly sleeping.

Bye-low—baby dear—
The silver moon is gleaming
To see my baby here
Softly, sweetly dreaming.

Bye-low—baby dear—
Flowrets are reposing,—
Pretty posies, baby dear,
They are softly dozing.

Bye-low—baby dear—
In the branches nestling
The little birdies, baby dear,
They too now are resting.

Bye-low—baby dear—
The sandman is a-creeping,—
Soon my little baby here
Will be gently sleeping.

Bye-low—baby dear—
Moon and stars are beaming
For they see my baby dear
Softly, sweetly dreaming.

TRAMP

WHO was his father?"
That's one of those jokes
For he's one doesn't bother
About claiming of folks.
He's only "just dog"—
That's what they say;
Several kinds of a dog—
If you'll have it that way.
He makes no claim
As a pedigreed pup
But he's not to blame
For his birth or bring-up.

* * *

"My own pedigree?"
Well—what's that to you?
It's enough—I had family
And bringing up, too;
Yes, I'd a home,
Friends and money;
Now, as I roam
It seems kind of funny.
Just a hobo—

Only a bum—
I guess I've sunk low,—
And it's all from rum.

* * *

"Why don't I try
To cut out the booze?"
When it once gets a guy
He's lost grit to choose.
Kicked from some door
Begging a bite
Perhaps I get sore
But—I can't make the fight.—
It seems kind of queer
In this little old world
How some pages are clear
And some, blotted and blurred.
What the great scheme is
Some day p'raps we'll know
When each fellow gets *his*
On high or below.
But it's no use to whine
About what we may get,
For when I get *mine*
I've deserved it, you bet.—
But *that* little fellow—

They call him a cur—
But he's got no yellow
If his blood isn't pure.
He's got no family
In the Hall of Fame
But my old Tramp—*he*
Could make his own name.
He's not much to look at—
Kind of ornery like—
But it's more than looks that
Makes a man or a tyke;
It's the heart inside—
Not the looks alone—
And that dog would divide
With me, his last bone.
And my old Tramp—
Gosh-darn his old hide—
I wouldn't trade that scamp
For the whole world beside.

* * *

And you ask "Is he game?" sir—
"And can he fight?"—Well— — — —
Just touch his master, sir,
And he'll fight like—hell!

INCERTITUDE

HAIN my heart would speak—
And yet would it refrain
Nor lose the moment's hope
For all-persistent pain.

Would my heart could steal
The secret where it lies
Hid within the depths
Of guiling, guarded eyes!

Could heart but read those lips
Inscrutable,— if read—
Their word—were not—when heard—
Rather left unsaid!

Ah, cruel Thought! To know
And charms so freely paint,—
And wishful heart to leave
In conflict torn and faint!

For fain my heart would speak
And yet would hesitate
To brave the "Yes" or "No"
Of the baffling lips of Fate.

FORTUNE'S QUEST

NO coffers I ask of silver or gold,—
No caskets of precious stones,—
I ask no sway of power to hold
That lies in monarch's thrones.
I ask but the wealth that lies in the length
And the width of the world so wide,—
I ask but the sceptre that lies in the strength
Of care-free heart—and stride.
I ask but the wealth, the fortune that lies
In the vault that domes the earth;
I ask but the fortune that lies 'neath the skies,
That circles the earth, its girth.
But the gold, I ask, of the rays of the sun
To meet my eyes, my vision,—
And the glistening stars and the silvery moon—
The gleaming jewels of heaven,—
To see the sun rise to its height—
To see the sunset glow—
The moon and stars light up my night—
The dawn's first gleam to know;—

To roam o'er hill—to roam o'er dale—
O'er country-side and road,—
To know the mountain—know the vale—
Nor know no fixed abode;—
To see the mountains meet the sky
Where in the clouds they hide,—
To see white sails go scudding by
Where they the ocean ride;—
To climb the cliff—the height to scale—
And from the apex—crown—
Where ends the narrow winding trail
Upon the world look down.
I ask the wealth that lies in field—
Within the garden-bower,—
The beauty and the fragrant yield
Of bud and leaf and flower.
I ask the wealth in glen and glade—
In woodland dell and dingle—
To wander 'neath the forest's shade
Where fern and bracken mingle;—
To tread the needles of the pine—
To lie by running stream—
To idly cast the hook and line

Where finny tribes do teem.
I ask the wealth in song of birds—
In voice of rippling brook;—
I ask the wealth within the words
And leaves of Nature's book.

Keep your caskets and your coffers,—
Let monarch hold his throne,—
But give to me where Fortune offers
The wide world free to roam.

THE GOBLET

AS strain of music elusive,
They hover on confines of dream,—
As the firefly in the pathway—
To flit with fugitive gleam.
They came—they went—golden moments,—
They came—they sped on their way—
To haunt the dream in sleeping—
To flit with the break of day.
Ah—to have held one hour,
Hid so deep away
That never its joy, its sweetness,
Might steal, be stolen away.
The bee ever stores its honey
Sipping from flower to flower,—
Of those golden moments garnered
Ah—to have stored one hour!
One hour—one hour—its nectar—
Hid deep in the depths of the heart—
To drink—to sip—at the pleasure—
To quench the thirst of the heart.

In the garden I wait—I linger—
I linger there alone,—
I seek the blossoms—the flowers,—
Their joy—their sweetness—have flown.
Golden the moments garnered,—
Gleaned from the fruitage of years,—
But Memory drinks from a goblet
Filled—not with nectar—but tears.

SAN FRANCISCO

THOUGH far the footsteps wander—
Though far may stray the thought—
Though far the heart a-roving
The dream of life has sought—
Ever a spell recalls
And ever it lures one back—
Back to San Francisco—
Back to its beaten track.

Though far in life's adventure
The vivid fancy stray,
Seeking treasure, pleasure,
Along the world's highway,
Ne'er the venturer finds
The charms that ever await
And bring again to the portal—
Again to the Golden Gate.

San Francisco! Never the heart
May your pathway learn
But footsteps that depart
Again and again must return.
Your subtle powers endure
And ever hold captive
Hearts that enter your door
There by the Golden Gate!

A CROOKED STICK

HERE were suitors who came and courted me,
And suitors there were who left me free;—
For Dick—I liked not the shape of his nose,—
And Harry—I liked not the style of his clothes;
William—he walked all too weightily,—
And Peter—he talked all too pompously;
Mathew and Tom—I had loved none the less
Did they not to me their love confess.
And so 'twas said—“Too long you'll tarry—
A crooked stick in the end you'll marry.”

When John looked my way with his dignified air
The years had sprinkled with gray his hair,
But the years that brought him the touch of gray
Had brought John much in a worldly way,—
For his pockets well-filled, his bank account
Ah me,—it was ever a goodly amount;—
While Jerry—alas—were his pockets many—
Of pockets, Jerry, he needed not any,—

For his coat was shabby in the light of the sun
For of dollars Jerry had few or none;
But who could think of silver or gold
When Jerry's eyes looked tender, yet bold,
And when 'neath the stars we wandered together
My heart was light—as light as a feather,—
And when on my ear his whisper I heard
My heart it sang—it sang like a bird.
But ever they said—"Too long you'll tarry—
A crooked stick in the end you'll marry."

John—his air was most dignified
As I walked from the church at his side a bride
And in the years I have been his wife
Little he has known of storm or strife,—
For John had the wisdom that comes with age
And could tame a bird in a gilded cage.
But as the bird that beats 'gainst the bars
Times there are when 'neath the stars
My heart, it flutters and then grows cold
When I think of eyes once tender, yet bold,—


And times there are in my dreams when I hear
A whisper breathed so soft in my ear
And struggling to catch, so faint, its word—
Times there are when mocking I've heard
An echo that speaks—"Too long you'll tarry ;
A crooked stick in the end you'll marry."

REPUTATION

IT may be that the heart
May hold no thought of wrong
Nor ne'er in life may part
From principles held strong;
But foolish lips there speak
To mischief but inclined,—
Malicious lips they seek
Their mirrored wish to find.
The wagging tongue of Rumor—
Started on its course—
Slackens not to seek nor
Trace its lading's source;
With bridle held but light
It makes but little matter
If in its speed—its flight—
Reputations shatter.
Consistent with our thought
Should our bearing be
That no charge be brought
Of actions all too free.

Fair Fame—that Fate has willed—
We may not feel its worth,—
But lack of it—unfilled—
We know, in full, its dearth.

THE BLUNDER

 HE day that we two parted
Could you my thought have read
As eager, so eager-hearted,
Too swift the moments sped,—
My thought—those words that thronging
My heart it feared too bold
And lips repressed their longing;—
And then you thought me cold.—
Cruel—that woman less free
Must be in love's expression,
And love it then should be
Lost by its repression!
Pride—it could not cross
The chasm dug by Fate
Nor words repair their loss—
Words they were too late;—
And now two lives asunder—
Each in its separate path—
Fate but laughs at its blunder
Nor cares for its aftermath.

OPPORTUNITY

FAIR he stood in his conscious strength,
In the full of his youth and his pride,
Fair he stood and his eyes swept the length
And the width of the world so wide.

Long he gazed upon its arena,
Upon the battle-field there,
Where Pride, Ambition, Purpose, Endeavor,
Array to do and to dare.

Long he gazed, and with flashing eyes
Stood fair in the morning sun
As he gazed on the field, gazed on the prize,
On the trophies to be won.

At length he cried—"The field is mine—
Its victory comes to me—
To me the day in the fullness of time
And the trophy whate'er it be.

Be it Fortune, or be it Fame,
Or Power that I choose,
The day I claim, its glory gain,
Nor ne'er the vantage lose!"

Many the weapons that came to his hand,
And each for his favor vied;
Many the weapons that failed his demand,
He scouted and cast them aside.

"*This*," he cried, "it fits not my birth,
Nor measures *this* to my pride";
"*This*," he cried, "it has not the worth
For length of Ambition's stride!"

Ever he sought the steel, its mettle,
And ever the sun rose high;
And ever he cried, "When ends the battle;
At my feet the foe shall lie!"


Ever persistent, Opportunity sought
His eye, his favor to gain;

But ever too humble to meet his thought,
It met with his disdain.

But when the day—its sun did wane,
By its parting light
The Weapon that sought his eye in vain
On the field shone fair and bright;

But the Youth, who stood in his conscious strength
Fair—in the morning sun,—
On the field he measured his length—
The field the foe had won!

THE HEART OF A ROSE

HEY buried my love beneath the sod;
They buried my heart with the fall of the clod;
My heart, my soul, my hope, all lay
With my love in the ground, in earth's cold clay;
Only my thought lived to weep
O'er that grave in the ground, so cold, so deep;
Only my thought lived to be
Mocked by its dreams and its memory.
Beneath the sod where they buried my dead
A seed I buried in that lowly bed,
And in the thought that surges, that sears,
The seed and the sod I watered with tears;
Until at length the seed did 'wake
And through the sodden clods did break
Reaching upward to the day,
Up to the sun's warm golden ray;
And there in the fullness of God's own hour
It bloomed, it blossomed, in a glowing flower,—
And the sodden clods did disclose
God and my love in the heart of a rose.

OVER THE WAVES

MY ship is sailing on the sea
And the portents I search them wishfully.
Each lowering cloud that darkens the sky
I watch it till it passes by.
Each breeze that rising stirs the air
I seek its import, foul or fair.
The dawn I 'wait and the rising sun
I trace it till its course be done
And the moon and the stars with softer gleams
Guide my ship with its hopes and its dreams.
My hopes, my dreams, my ship it bears;
And my heart it follows it close with its prayers.
But north, or south, or east, or west,
Some day o'er the ocean, borne on its crest,
Breasting the waves and riding free
My ship will bring its lading to me.

NIGHT'S BENISON

DAYLIGHT is fading, the flowers sink to rest,
Shadows are falling, the birds seek their nest,
Swiftly the curtain of night closes 'round
Enfolding all nature within its arms;
Darkness and silence hold land and sea,
Darkness and silence enveloping me.
Out of the shadows that fold 'round my heart
I send forth a prayer far into the dark:
"Love, I am weary, the night is so long,
I need thee, dear one, thee and thy song.
Deep grow the shadows, fainter the gleams
Of Hope's glowing rainbow and Love's golden
dreams.
Tears blind my eyes, so lonely the way,
Vainly I 'wait the day."

Daylight has faded, the flowers are at rest,
Shadows have fallen, birds are in the nest.
Softly the curtain of night closing 'round
Lulls tired nature to sleep in its arms.
The moon, softly gleaming, silvers the night,

Twinkling stars beaming their vigils of light.
Was it the breath of the slumbering flowers,
Or the breeze faintly whispering in the still hours?
"Love, I am waiting, the night is soon o'er,
In the 'Forever' we shall part no more.
Deep though the shadows, more glowing the gleams,
Dawn still will come to Life's rainbow dreams,
Beyond the starshine and moon's silver ray
Is the golden, the glorious day."

MEMORIES

BACK to the past memory drifts,
To the past, to far-gone days,
Whose lure ever calls, whose charm never palls,
And the wayward heart still sways ;

Back to the past memory drifts,
To the past, to far-gone scenes,
Bearing the print of Time's ceaseless tread
But still unchanged in dreams ;

Back to the past, to days and scenes
'Ere Time's indelible trace .
The furrows of years, the furrows of tears
Left upon heart and face.

Life may bring its meed of treasure—
Ambition may bring success—
Pride may work accomplishment
In full or in excess—

New years may bring new friends with grasp
Of friendship strong and true—
New loves—new hopes—sentiment,—
To which we render due;

Yet back to the past Memory drifts
To days beyond recall,—
'Ere Life and its years, Time's furrows and tiers
Built an ever encroaching wall.

Back to the past Memory drifts,
To the past, to far-gone days
When happiness spun a web so sheer—
Soft as a summer haze;—

Back to childhood's happy days
Untouched by thought of the morrow—
When encircling arms sheltered and kept
From fear and harm and sorrow;

Back to childhood's happy hours,
Fled upon gossamer wings,

Intangible to touch, elusive to clutch,
And yet with power which clings;

Back to childhood's artless joys—
The simple boon and pleasure,
To childhood light as thistle-down
But gaining later measure;

Back to childhood's hearts and hands—
To early friends so dear,
Whose greeting warm, now distant and gone,
In thought we seem to hear;

Back to childhood's sheltering arms
Whose close embrace we knew,
Whose lips we pressed, whose hands caressed,
In love, so fond, so true.

Life may bring its meed of treasure—
Ambition may bring success—
Pride may work accomplishment
In full or in excess—

New years may bring new friends with grasp
Of friendship strong and true—
New loves—new hopes—sentiment,—
To which we render due;

But oh—for childhood's hours and joys,
The loving hearts we knew—
The sheltering arms—the endearing charms—
Now past and lost to view!

Oh—for childhood's happy days
And scenes beyond recall
Which linger in dreams—whose memory clings
And holds the heart in thrall!

BUBBLING WATERS

A FACE looked out into the night
With eyes that sought a gleam of light;
Two hands were pressed against a heart
Bruised and stricken in the world's grim mart;
A breast there heaved with silent despair,
Torn by grief and want and care.
The twinkling stars lighted the dark
But no ray—no gleam—no single spark
Pierced that heart in its grim despair;
Pierced that breast in its struggle with care.
God sat there in His Temple on High
But no message was sent from the twinkling sky.
Two hands that were pressed against a heart
Toward Heaven did suddenly reach and dart;
Two lips breathed forth a hurried prayer,
Asking God's mercy in His Temple there;
A leap—a plunge—and the waters cold
In their embrace a soul did hold.
The twinkling stars lighted the night
With ray—with gleam—with spark so bright,—

But only the bubbling waters revealed
A grave and the anguish it concealed;
Only the bubbling waters told
Of a heart so faint—and its leap so bold.

LITTLE FEET

DO not hasten those little feet
From their childhood ways,—
Let them stay—nor hasten them
Too soon from childhood days.

Do not hasten those little feet
Forth in the world so wide,—
Let them by the hearth and home
In childhood longer abide.

Let those little hearts expand
Longer in childhood's sun
Nor let them shrink, nor let them wither
Too soon from life's vast sum.

All too soon those little feet
Must bear those little lives
And hearts forth to the world's arena—
Forth to its fetters and gyves.

All too soon life's stern battle
May win their joy away,—
Ah! Let them stay,— nor hasten them
Too soon from childhood play!

DESTINY'S TORCH

BREATHES there a land 'neath fairer skies
Where fairer promise awaits
Than the land o'er which our banner flies—
The Flag of the United States?

Destiny with her gleaming torch
Seeks and searches our shore,—
Destiny with a scroll so fair
Stands waiting at our door.

Our Country needs each loyal thought
Inscribed within her name,—
Our Country needs each heart enrolled
In the roster of her fame.

Freedom with her flag so fair
Invites within her gates,—
Destiny seeks with her promise there
A united—United States.

DOUBTING HEART

DOUBTING heart, why seek the depths
When the heights are there to climb,—
Why grovel in mud and mire when Thought
Can on pinions fly?
The earthworm grubbing in its lair
Of night's dark prison-cells
Yet ventures upward toward the day
In blind gropings there;
But you,—whose Thought and Fancy—free—
Can untrammelled soar,—
You grope 'mongst black and sodden clods
Nor see blue sky above.
The tiny seed hid in the bosom
Of brooding Mother-earth—
Held and nourished by the force
And strength of her life-blood—
Breaks from her restraining grasp,
Ever upward striving,
And in the ray of the golden sun

To golden grain does come.
When all space lies about—
When all nature speaks—
When heart reaching forth to heart
Does call and point Beyond—
Why stay—why stumble—in pitfall
Of cold and clinging clay,—
Why not rise in thought, on pinion,
To gleaming sun and sky?

THE DERELICT

GONE! Hurl'd into Eternity
With all his sins upon his head!
Gone! To stand before the Almighty
And lay his foul record bare!
Without a prayer the tie was severed
That bound him to this earth,
And hurtled through space, his soul was sped
To the infinite vast Beyond.
Oh mothers of men—as you gaze on your babes
Today in their innocent beauty,
Who can say how those feet may stray
In the highways and byways of life!
Had *he* no mother—the limp figure there—
There at the end of a rope,
No proud mother who scoffed at the pain
Of childbirth when it was o'er
And she held to her breast the soft tender flesh
Of the man-child she had borne;
No fond mother who wove tender dreams
Mingled with mother-love prayers

As she fondled her babe in his sweet innocence
And visioned his future so fair?
And oh! The horror and ghastly despair
Had mother-love foreseen
The child that she bore and nursed at her breast
Dangling from the end of a rope!
Oh, God! In love and infinite mercy
Take the sweet babe in Thy care—
That no more may the life commenced at the breast
End on a rope in the air!
Oh, God! In love and infinite mercy
Open our eyes and our hearts—
That we may see and we may straighten
The tortuous pathways of youth!

FRIENDSHIP

OF the blessings that Heaven to Earth may give
What joy, what wealth in Friendship live!
How dear to the heart it is to hold
The name of one who, ne'er grown cold,
Ever is there in life to heed
The voice of the heart—to answer its need;
One who, ever, whate'er befall,
Responsive is though mute be the call;
One in thought to thought so bound—
Linked in close reciprocative bond—
That though the lips speak not o'er-much,
The language within the look—the touch—
The clasp—the pressure of the hand—
Speaks the meaning—"to understand."
The years may not linger—they fade into past—
But Friendship, enduring, the years may out-last,—
And speech—how may it give or lend
Enrichment to the name of—Friend!

HEARTH AND HOME

SHE went her way, day by day,
Through Life's stern thoroughfare;—
The roses that had strewn her path
Long had withered—only thorns were there;
Thorns to pierce her weary feet,
Her empty arms, her yearning hands,
As through the hour-glass of Time
Fell the steady stream of sands.
But of the thorns that Time had left
Within her heart she made no moan
As she went the rough-hewn path—
Through the briers and over the stone.
But whitened hair its story spoke,—
The lines deep-graven on her face
Life's harsh story mutely told—
With mute—but unmistaking trace.
And as she went her daily way
And I her daily courage saw,—
Her patience—resignation—all—
Filled my wondering soul with awe;

Until at length my questioning lips
Did seek the intent of her thought
That led her on through life—to bear
The burden with which her life was fraught.
“My life?”—she said—“Not here I live—
But there where leads my hope most fond—
There where wait with open arms
My dear ones in the life Beyond.
What though the way be long and weary—
And though the way I go alone—
When at the end to meet and greet me
Are my dear ones, hearth and home!”
“But,”—I cried—“if this world be all—
If the weary way that now you wend
Leads to naught but oblivion,—
What if this world—it be the end?”
“What then?”—she said—“I live in my hope,—
If my hope should fail—why then should I weep?
If my hope should fail I shall not know
For my heart and I so sound shall we sleep.”

LOVE SONG

O'ER the waters gliding
Swift my bark does go,
The gentle waves swift riding,
The breeze so faint and low.
Soft the moonlight gleaming
Silvers night and sea,—
Soft the moonlight beaming
And stars are calling thee.
To thy lattice speeding
Swift my bark does come—
Where my heart is leading
To thee—to thee—dear one.
Where my bark is riding
Thy love is 'waiting thee,—
Thy heart thy footsteps guiding
Ah—haste thee, love, to me.

Awake thee from thy dreaming,—
Come, my boat does ride
Where moon and stars are gleaming
And call thee to my side.
Eager my heart is beating,—
Ah—linger not so long,
Awake thee to my greeting—
Awake thee to my song.
Too swift the moments fleeting,
Ah—linger not so late,
Haste thee to our meeting—
Impatient here I 'wait.
Where my bark is riding
Thy love is waiting thee,—
Thy heart thy footsteps guiding
Ah—haste thee, love, to me.

THE RAINBOW

I COULD not linger longer
In this vale of tears
Did not the rainbow lure me
Onward through the years;
For though the skies may lower
And shadows close enfold—
'Tis said where ends the rainbow
There lies a pot of gold.
So ever on I struggle
Toward the rainbow's ray
Seeking for the truth
Of that I hear them say.
Though the days may weary
Lengthening into years—
Ever I seek the rainbow
Gleaming through the tears.

A FANTASY

THE lure of the golden Isle of Dreams—
Who has not known its charm?
In those fair enchanting scenes
Who has not found sweet balm?

No fortune too poor to make the flight
To that golden isle,—
No fortune too poor to seek the delight
With which it does beguile.

Sometimes by the fireside's gleam—
By its ruddy glow,—
Sometimes by the running stream
I on that journey go.

The Fancy free—Thought in tune—
No ban—no barrier bars—
Though I sail by sun or moon
Or through the twinkling stars.

And when I do that journey make,
Ne'er my thought may tire,
For on that journey I may take
With me Heart's Desire.

I visit dear or distant lands
That Time has e'er refused,—
But quite abashed old Time there stands,
With edicts all confused ;

And scenes I view and wondrous sights
Tongue could ne'er describe—
Rivalling Tales of Arabian Nights—
On that flight—its ride.

As a panorama spread—
Or vast kaleidoscope—
Varied beauties—their charm ne'er fled—
The heart and mind's full scope.

And as I gaze, I there may see
Pleasures I have known—

Joys too that eluded me
I there may meet and own.

And perchance 'way far across the sphere,
In some dear old, quaint old place,
Though passing strange it seems not queer,
I meet fond-remembered face.

And at length in my golden Isle of Dreams
I come to my castle there,—
In the sunlight it glistens and gleams—
My castle up there in the air.

Who and what my coming 'wait
By the hearthside fire
Of my castle whose gleaming gate
I reach with Heart's Desire?

Who and what await by the fire
Of my castle, to me may be known,—
But only to me and to Heart's Desire;—
Each one must people his own.

A WOMAN'S SMILE

WIDE o'er the world my heart did rove
Searching the earth for treasure-trove—
Seeking the pot of gold that lay
Concealed where ends the rainbow's ray.
Deep, deep, I delved; of life partook
Till weary feet at length forsook
Their wandering—ceased to roam—
Retraced their steps and turned back home.
There the pot of gold concealed
In a vision it was to me revealed—
And I saw where its fullness of treasure lies
In the unfathomed depths of a woman's eyes;—
I saw where its wealth—riches untold—
Lay fast in a woman's heart and hold;—
I saw where of life—all worth while
Lay—for me—in a woman's smile.

THE SILENCE

MY yearning heart reaches
Through the silence it may not break
With thought that ever beseeches
And would your heart awake—
Awake unto its pleading—
Awake to its hidden want,—
But the silence, grim, unheeding,
Stalks, a spectre gaunt.
Only the echo murmurs
My thought—each poignant word,—
Only the echo answers
My heart—its prayer unheard,—
Only the echo speaking
Mocks my tortured hope,
As dumbly, darkly, seeking
My heart must ever grope.

THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS

THE girl of my dreams—I see her
Ever—each day—each hour;—
Ever—in waking—in slumber—
I see her beauty's fair dower.—
You ask me her picture—to paint it?
Her picture—'tis graved on my heart—
Indelible, each feature is writ,
But tell me just where must I start?
Her eyes—you ask me their color—
Are they brown or of gray or of blue?
The girl of my dreams when I see her—
Her eyes are with lovelight true.
Her cheek—is it fair as the lily—
Or more with the damask glows?
Her cheek, be it fair as the lily
When I see her it tinges with rose.
Her tresses—are they of ebon—
Or lighter—more golden the tint?
Her tresses—when I see them

I see but the sunlight's glint.
Vivacious—it she? Or demure—more shy?
Is she coy—or free from all guile?
Ah—could you see but the light in her eye;
Could you see but her witching smile!
Her stature—you ask? Her inches
I can tell to minutest part—
The girl of my dreams—she reaches—
She reaches just to my heart.
And now I have painted her picture—
The girl of my dreams is revealed;—
Her picture—you see it,—no feature
Have I hidden or left concealed.

THE QUIET OF NIGHT

SOFTLY the Night hovers
O'er the weary day
As the sun's last lingering gleam
Fades in the west away.
Earth that with the daylight
Spoke with busy hum—
Her voice with evening shadows
Grows faint—the day's work done.
Softly the Night hovering
Draws the earth to her breast;
Holding—enfolding,—crooning—soothing,—
Night cradles the earth to rest.

FORGETFULNESS

HIDE not the heart that seems to live—
That seems to live and forget,—
See you the blood that the heart may bleed
In the struggle to live—to forget?
The sun that sheds its golden rays
Upon the daylight hours—
Sees the sun the night that falls—
The midnight pall that lowers?
The sun that sheds its golden rays—
Its lingering gleam is brief,—
Lengthening the shadows of night that creep
And hold in torturing grief.
Not in the gay and festive scene
May the heart forget its sorrow,—
But the heart in the vivid—the living throng
May struggle to live the morrow.

HIDDEN

HAVING along a rough road
That seemed to never end,
Through ruts and rocks and brambles
The way seemed but to wend.
The rocks, the ruts—they bruised my feet
And the brambles caught my gown,—
Thought dwelt but on the milestones
To reach the distant town.
Sudden, amongst the briers,
As if it there did hide,
A flower's blooming beauty
My grudging eye espied.
Its fairness and its fragrance
Seeming so mis-placed—
It seemed that fairer setting
It fitter would have graced.
My hand—it reached to pluck it,
And then my hand I stayed—
Wondering if its fairness
Were better there displayed;
If some other wayfarer,
Following after me

With heavy step and grudging eye,
Its beauty rare might see.
I left it there to greet him,—
But thought had lost its bent,—
No longer on the milestones
Was it fixed intent;
But 'mongst the rocks and brambles
I sought new beauties fair;
Not always did I find them—
But I found that they were there.

WINTER

THE trees have lost their vesture,
The green of summer gown—
The red and gold of autumn;—
The boughs are naked brown.
The meadows and the orchards
Lie drear and devastate,
The mountains and the marshes
Show bleak and desolate.
The autumn chill grown colder,
Where fallen leaves lie dead—
The earth—frost and snow entomb—
Their hoary mantle spread.
The skies, with pall, dark, somber,
With lowering clouds o'ercast,
Enshroud the sun, the moon, the stars,—
Their brilliance—paling—past.
The lowering clouds more sinister
Grow with portent's form,—
Big with rain and hail and sleet
They speak the gathering storm.

The winds—they lash the naked trees,
The clouds—they loose their hold,
Their torrents pour,—with gust and gale
Winter's arms enfold.

SLEEP!

SLEEP! To win thy favor—
What favor could'st thou ask
That heart would not discover
And willing bear its task!
To woo thy arms, oh Slumber!
Forget the sordid day,
The hours of night—their number
Yielding to thy sway;—
The frenzied thought that fills
The mind with spectres gaunt,—
Grief's distorted vigils,—
Grim care and carping want,—
Those shapes that pathways haunting
Pursue the restless day,
And e'en with voices taunting
Upon the night they prey;—
Their forms to find effacement
As weary eyelids close,
And in thy fond embracement
The heart finds sweet repose,—
To drift as on the down
Of bird's soft feathered breast

To realm whose graven crown
Bears no word but "Rest";
The world—to lose its seeming,—
Life—to lose its qualms,—
To lose one's self in dreaming
In thy seductive arms!

Oh Sleep! To win thy favor—
What favor could'st thou ask
That heart would not discover
And bow unto its task!

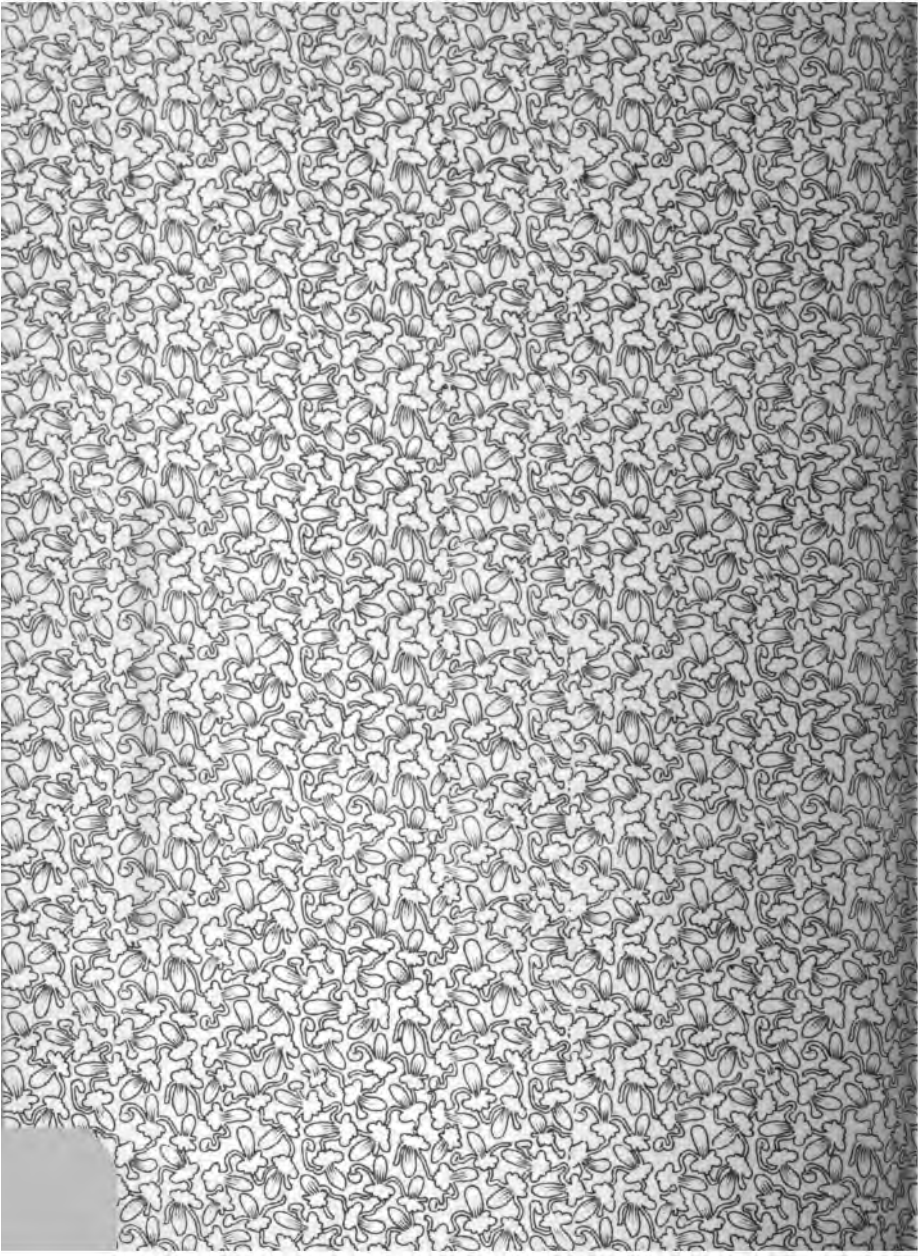
DAY OF CALIFORNIA

REMEMBRANCE

MEMORY'S ship gathers its lading
As it sails the course of the years
And takes from Life of its joys and its griefs,
Of its hopes and its smiles and its tears.
The skipper, Time, conning his chart,
Through waters deep and shoal,
Enters each port and stores in the hold
Values of tribute and toll.
Hid away in the cargo we find
Treasures that none would refuse,—
That ne'er would Time nor Fond Remembrance
E'er their lading lose;—
Mementos of days and hours that now
May cause the tears to start,
And yet we hold them guarded—treasured—
Deep in the depths of the heart.

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